At Lambeth Palace works are still going on. All know how much this building contains of interest: every stone has a story; and those who may have an opportunity to see it should not let it slip. The oldest part of the palace is the chapel, which belongs to the thirteenth century. The Lollard's Tower is supposed to have been the prison of some of Wicliff's followers. One of them has cut in the wainscotting—"Jhs cyppe me out of all el compane, amen." To which we may echo, amen! and so end.

FINE ART: ITS NATURE, RELATIONS, AND TENDENCIES.*

I NOW proceed to the second branch of my subject—the inquiry into the position of art with regard to the more exact and practical developments of the human intellect, or its relations to science.

To many, this question will suggest the idea of an argumentative antagonism, as between art and science and social policy, to be determined by an absolute election of one or other over the rest; whereby art is either to be exalted as in every case superior and preferable to the exact formalities of science, or the materialism of social policy,—or to be condemned as a visionary and unreal thing, destructive of the precisions of observant induction, and of the material requirements of the absolute present. Nothing can be farther from my intention. That art may be both over and underestimated and followed, is undoubtedly true; and the same may be said of every branch, both of science and of policy,—in the one case, from a deficient comprehensiveness; in the other, from an exclusively directed energy of the intellect; and in most men we find the limitations of mental power to produce this effect, either from a deficient faculty of retention, or from (what is often the cause of this) too exclusive a routine of mental action; leading them to look too much on what lies within their intellectual circle, and too little on what lies without. But still in every subject of intellectual power, after subtracting all error, either of diminution or excess, there is a residuum of truth left, in which consists its absolute entity. It is in this view, and in this only, I would consider the question proposed; and looking upon art as the spiritual apprehension of nature, proceed to inquire what is its position with regard to the social and physical necessities, and the spiritual aspirations of man; and what are its relations to science. I think this inquiry legitimate and necessary, inasmuch as the process of every true work of art appears to be resolvable into the divisions above indicated, i.e. 1stly, The spiritual necessity or conceptive power in the mind of the artist; 2ndly, The physical necessity of materials to express his conceptions in a manner suited to the social requirements of his time; and, 3rdly, The scientific necessity of a knowledge of the constituent properties and uses of his materials.

The oldest art-witnesses extant to the truth of historical record are architecture and poetry: in music antiquity has left us nothing intelligible; and though Egypt and Nineveh present us with both sculptures and frescoes, they are, æsthetically considered, far inferior to the architecture they adorn, the sculptures being for the most part rude general resemblances of form, and the frescoes partaking more of the nature of polychromic embellishments than of works of art. In architecture and poetry the case is different: in these, however ancient the specimens, however rude the material, we find the manifested presence of the art-spirit; and throughout the varieties of clime and nation, from the Trilithons of Sarum to the portals of Karnack, from the Scandinavian Voluspah to the Grecian Iliad, we can deduce those fundamental principles of æsthetic conception, design, and execution, the truth and obligations of which art recognises and inculcates to the present hour.

Looking, then, at architecture and poetry as the two most ancient developments of art, the first thing that seems to call for consideration is the extreme difference of mode or diversity of operation between them,—a difference so extreme, that if traced to its causes, must either nullify what has been previously asserted respecting the unity of art, by showing an absolute difference, or else confirm it by showing an absolute identity of causal principle. That it does not do the first has, I think, been evidenced by the sameness of use pointed out, as regards each branch of art, of the essentials of æsthetic expression: that it *does* do the second, I trust soon to be able to show. Architecture, as I said before, works in obedience to the same essential principles (to the extent of her power) for the attainment of any given expression, as poetry does to the extent of hers. Let us now compare the two in their æsthetic form with their respective physical elements: if, disconnecting man for a moment from his relations to eternity, we look upon him simply as the highest form of organised life—the ruling animal of the globe—we perceive at once the imperative necessity for his possessing powers of construction and of speech beyond all the other animal creation: one species against many, with a frame more exquisitely organised, and less efficiently protected from accidental liabilities, we feel that, unless gifted with higher constructive power than marks the inferior animal instinct, man could never have spread himself through the various climates of the world: he could never have replenished the earth; and with a destiny of dominion committed to his charge, we feel that unless gifted with more extensive powers of colloquial intercourse than that enjoyed by the brute creation, he could never have formed a social league of sufficient strength to overcome the natural obstacles presented to him: he could never have subdued the earth. The source, then, of the material form of architecture, *i. e.*, habitational construction, is physical necessity: the source of the material form of poetry, *i. e.*, language, is social necessity. How rose these material necessities into the higher sphere of art? How else, I would ask in reply, but by the action of the spirit, which, while aspiring with one hand to the immortal destiny before it, strove, on the other, to urge the present into that glorious future, and by the energy of its reaction did elevate the physical and social necessities into the ethereal regions of art?

The religion of the primitive ages was not so much an exertion of the intellect as a fervour of the soul; not so much a dictate of reason as an impassioned expanding of the imagination; and hence from the lips of the earliest priesthoods the burning words of prayer, of praise, or of prediction, poured out in rythmic flow; and when the band of spirit-communion linked them together in one chain of hopes and fears, gave rise to the social necessity of structure, specially appointed for the celebration of a common rite: the same spirit that had vivified the dead body of language with the soul of poetry, exerted its power over the constructive material; and what, in its rudimentary form, was a mere hut for individual protection from atmospheric vicissitude, became, when spiritualized, an architectural erection, expressing in its arrangement and adornment the soul feeling that gave it birth. Thus, too, by the action of the highest on the lowest element of life,—of the aspirations of the soul on the necessities of the body was brought to light the first germ of science. Architecture, in common with all the arts of form, as well as music, called for and became based on geometry; and the ruined temple and the bardic fragment are witnesses not only to the birth of architecture and of poetry, but also to the progress of the mathematics, of mechanics and of dialectics. The ruins of many of the primitive specimens of architecture set forth in their arrangement the exactitude of mathematical figure and proportion; while the massiveness of their constituent materials shows the existence of a knowledge of the mechanical powers, and their mode of application; and in the earlier poetry we often find a clearness of perception, an accuracy of definition, a power of harmony of language, and a critical sagacity, which, if not logic itself, is the spirit of the end that logic aims at.

Architecture, thus produced, has been ever, in common with all the arts of form, indissolubly connected with science: along with sculpture and painting it has been fed and administered to by nearly the whole range of its branches—chemical, mechanical, anatomical, mathematical. Euclid contributed, in no slight degree, to Greek architecture and sculpture, when he gave his propositions to the world: painting is indebted to optics and perspective, and to chemistry in the matter of colour; and whether the researches of Hippocrates in anatomy first led to the minute anatomical parts being expressed in Greek sculpture, as some contend, or not, certain it is that a knowledge of anatomy is an inestimable advantage to both the sculptor and the painter. Nor has art been slow in requiting the obligation: pictorial art has been the indispensable agent of science in diffusing knowledge on its various branches — physiological, botanical, zoological. The connection of poetry with science, though of a different nature, is not less intimate than that of architecture, though by superficial people the former has been thought and spoken of as a thing distinct from science, which has been supposed inimical to it, nay, destructive of it; and scientific men themselves have too often forgotton the true nature of poet's office: poetry has been well defined as the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; the impassioned expression that is in the countenance of all science. Science and art divide the universe between them, and the tendency of the former is to extend the field of the latter, any new discovery presenting the muses with a new theme. "If," says Wordsworth, "the labours of men of science should ever create any material revolution, direct or indirect, in our condition, and in the impressions which we habitually receive, the poet will sleep then no more than at present: he will be ready to follow the steps of the man of science, not only in those general indirect effects, but he will be at his side, carrying sensation into the midst of the objects of the science itself. The remotest discoveries of the chemist, the botanist, or mineralogist, will be as proper objects of the poet's art, as any upon which it can be employed."

Such, then, is the position of these two branches of art in the scale of life,—such their relation to science: the office of the one appears to be to elevate language to the expression of the soul's highest aspirations; of the other, to dignify the physical and social necessities with the glory and grace of art; while both together are faithful and according witnesses to the spirit of their times. The ancient temple, the feudal castle, the dim-aisled cathedral, are as the authentic and valid seal to the spirit-feeling recorded in the bardic hymn, the chivalric war-song, and the mystic legend; and from the days of Amphion till now, the true architect has builded as the bard has sung.

The subjects of their offices have changed with the changes of the times, but the spirit of them is ever the same; the one working to an outward exaltation, the other to an inward enlightenment. The poet no longer sings the strifes of nations and the deeds of warriors, for they have ceased to be the limit of a prevalent ambition; but his voice still sounds trumpet-tongued through the din of life's spirit-battle, as he urges on the soul to higher efforts,—with a wider range of power, to tread her luminous way; and explores the labyrinth of the heart, whilst the waters of deep thought are stirred with the breath of his inspiration. The architect no longer spends his energy on the erection of the cathedrals of an all-dominant creed, or the palaces of an absolute and arbitrary power; for the days of exclusive dominion are passed, and the vital tide of progress sets towards the many, and not towards the few; but, like the poet, he still speaks the same high lesson, though in more familiar tongue, and those splendours and graces which he formerly concentrated on the colossal shrines of an exceptional and solitary grandeur, he now disperses over the abiding places of commercial enterprise, of social enjoyment, and of individual comfort.

* See page 118, *ante*.

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